A SENTENCE OF OSTRACISM—REWARD FOLLOWS UNMERITED ILL NAME

Young Broker of Colorado, Spurned by Many, Finally, as He Deserves, Wins the Love of a Good Woman.

THERE was no doubt about the justice of the mild sentence of moral attainder which the good people of Denver had passed upon Harry Rayburn; but it certainly was an emphatic evidence of his industrious perseverance in wrongdoing that he had succeeded in bringing himself into open disrepute in a community where the social freedom of pioneer days was as yet untempered by the manners of an older civilization. That the young broker richly merited his punishment will appear from Judge Tooley's statement of the case to a few friends who had accompanned him to the barroom of Charpiot's Hotel:

"As I was sayin', gentlemen, after makin' all due allowances for young blood and the progressive spirit of this free country, the fact remains that Harry Rayburn's rollin' 'em a little too high to come out square on a mill assay—ain't I right, Pete?"

The gentleman appealed to nodded approval. "That's what you are, judge. I say that when a man gets so that he can walk up to a bar an' take a drink alone it's about time to put the bridle on him.'

"That's a fact," assented a third, "and that ain't all of it—I saw Rayburn driving up and down Larimer street with the Kennard woman the other day. I made it my business to tell him what I thought of it, too."

"What did he say?" inquired the judge.

"Oh, he flared up and said it was his own affair; but when I went home I told the girls they'd better drop him."

"I always thought he was a pretty square kind of a young fellow for a minin' broker," put in a quiet man who had taken a cigar in lieu of a drink. "In that deal with old Richter and the Snow Flake—you recollect it, judge—he could a' beat the eyes out o' the old Dutchman, but he turned in and fought the syndicate, tooth and toe nail, when I know he was offered double commissions to come off."

"Oh, nobody's sayin' anything against his honesty," replied the judge. "He's square enough—it's his cussed dissipation that I can't sabe. What'll you have, gentlemen?"

Two years earlier Rayburn had been a bit of flotsam on the restless sea of humanity that strewed its wreckage over the Colorado mountains during the Leadville excitement. A year of indifferent success as a prospector had sent him to Denver with a sufficient stock of experience to open a broker's office, and he had immediately thrown himself into the strenuous life and the self-destructive excesses of the time and place with a zest which had eventually brought about the result already mentioned.

When the edict had gone forth, and the gossip of the street had published it, Jack Bates, attorney at law, and himself a sinner at large, sauntered into Rayburn's office to remonstrate.

"Harry, old man, you're getting yourself out of everybody's good books," he began. "Why don't you brace up?"

"Because I don't choose to."

"That's no reason at all. First thing you know you'll be dropped like a hot nail. Why can't you be a little more modest about it?"

"For instance?"

"Well, say, when the spirit moves you to take the Kennard out for an airing, why won't a moonlight evening and the Golden road answer the purpose as well as Larimer street and the middle of the afternoon?"

Rayburn smiled and held out his cigar case to his adviser.

"Because they wouldn't, that's all. Much obliged to you, Jack, but you're wasting your time. I don't care to be respectably wicked, and I choose to go to the devil in my own way. Moreover, I'm not kicking because decent people see fit to drop me."

"I don't think you meant all that, Harry," he said. "If you did, I'm sorry for you."

Rayburn swung around in his chair and confronted the speaker.

"I think I meant it—as much as we mean anything. Why are you sorry?"

"Because I fancy I know you better than most people, and it's painful to see you making a deliberate shipwreck of yourself."

"That's all right from your point of view, Burney—you're on another line; you've a clean life behind you, an invalid father to take care of and a sister who thinks you two are the only men on earth. In my case it's different."

The subject of Rayburn's perversity came up again that evening in the sitting room of the small house in Welton street where the young engineer lived with his father and sister.

"I cannot understand why a man should deliberately throw himself away as your friend seems to be doing," said the father, laying down his paper and looking over his spectacles at Edward, who had mentioned the occurrence at the office.

"There's a very strong motive of some kind; Rayburn's not a man to take to dissipation for its own sake."

"Then you think he has had provocation?"

"He must have. I've observed him pretty closely, and there's an underlying streak of good metal in his character that crops out at times, in spite of his efforts to appear hard and cynical."

"Have you tried to help him?"

"Always, and in all ways but one—I've never asked him here."

Grace Burney came into the room in time to hear the latter part of this answer. "Never asked whom, Eddie?" she inquired.

"We were speaking of Harry Rayburn—may I bring him up some evening?"

"Why not? Your friends are always welcome."

One evening they had ventured out to the theater. Rayburn went because he had to, and walked upon red hot plowshares all the way down to Sixteenth street. Edward and his father went a step in advance, because the invalid needed the support of his son's arm. Rayburn had hot flashes and cold chills when he acquiesced in the arrangement and drew Grace's arm under his own. If the young girl found her companion silent and absent there was doubtless good reason for it, and when they turned into the lighted sidewalk of Sixteenth street, she wondered why he scrutinized the face of every chance passer by as if he were determined to see behind the mask which it is the privilege of every human being to wear.

When a man is seeking for an affront, it seldom tarries. Rayburn's came while they were making their way through the crowded lobby of the theater, in the flippant remark of one vestibule lounger to another.

Rayburn looked aside quickly and identified the speaker. Then he touched Burney's shoulder. "Will you take your sister for a moment?" he asked, passing Grace forward to her brother's side. "Thank you," and he dropped back into the crowd, emerging again in front of the two loungers.

There was an eddy just here in the stream of humanity pressing forward to the box office, and Rayburn spoke pleasantly to the man behind him:

"May I ask you to give me just a little more space? Much obliged, that will do."

The punctuation of the grateful remark was a terrific blow full in the face of the offender. The man fell as if he were shot, and there was a little swirl of excitement in the eddy; when it subsided, Rayburn had disappeared.

Under similar conditions in a maturer civilization, the young broker might have expected a visit from a court officer while he was opening the mail at his office the next morning; but there were reasons other than those of environment why William Cade, familiarly known as "Cady" in the select and somewhat retired circle in which he moved, did not prefer a charge against his assailant. One was that the shy reluctance common to gentlemen of his guild about appearing in court even as a plaintiff, and another and weightier was that a point of etiquette had been raised by Rayburn's blow which was equivalent to the R. S. V. P. on a visiting card.

Between inventing a plausible excuse, which should be as far as possible from the truth, in answer to Burney's inquiries regarding his abrupt leave taking of the theater party, and watching the door for the appearance of the inevitable pistol in the hands of the punctilious Mr. Cade, Rayburn had a bad forenoon of it. Burney's proposal that they should go to luncheon together was the final jerk that snapped the thread of his equanimity.

"Not now, or at any other time," he replied roughly. "I'll tell you what it is, Burney, you've got to break off with me or you'll lose cast. I give you fair warning."

Burney looked troubled. "What has happened since last night?" he asked.

"Enough to make me understand that it will require more baseness than I've ever owned to, to induce me to continue my social relations with you and your family."

"Having said so much, you can hardly refuse to tell me more."

"If you will have it, then—sit down, you make me nervous with that monotonous march—a scoundrel standing in the lobby of the theater last night insulted your sister—do you hear that? It is what might have been expected when she trusted herself in public with a social pariah, and I ought to have shot myself before I allowed her to do it."

"What did you do when you left us?"

"I went back and beat his face in, and I've been looking for him to return the compliment with a forty-four all the morning. It's God's goodness that she didn't hear what he said."

"Are you quite sure she didn't?" asked Burney quietly.

"Damnation, man, do you want to drive me quite mad? Isn't it bad enough as it stands, without any such infernal insinuations as that?"

"I had no such intentions. What I meant was that Grace is sensible enough to let such things lie at the door of the past. Her anxiety will not begin until she learns that trouble has come of it."

Rayburn frowned and tugged at his mustache.

"If I thought she cared—Burney, don't let this thing get to her; I'll go and ask the Cady's pardon, if there's no other way to stop the row."

"Is it necessary to do that?"

"I'm afraid it is—any way, I should do penance for giving his scurrilous tongue the license."

"And now you'll go to luncheon with me, won't you?"

"If I cared as much for you as you do for me, I shouldn't; I'm a bad lot, Burney—worse than you know anything about, and you'd better drop it."

Burney smiled and linked his arm affectionately in that of the broker.

"Put your verbs in the past tense and I'll believe anything you like," he said. "In the meantime, let's go and eat."

True to his promise, Rayburn sought out Mr. William Cade for apologetic purposes, devoting a portion of the afternoon to that errand of humility. The broker approached the gambler with a cool daring that was worthy of a nobler object, and threatened to drive him out of town if he did not agree to let the matter drop then and here, extorting, in addition, a promise that there should be no talk about it. Cade acceded sullenly, in unwilling deference to the colder courage of the other; but Rayburn left him with the knowledge that he had only exchanged an open antagonist for a secret enemy.

Having thus made so large a concession to the peaceful proprieties, he rewarded himself by calling, in the evening, at the house in Welton street. He was more embarrassed than he thought possible when he found that Edward and his father had gone out. Grace received him, and the conversation jolted unevenly until it reached the incident of the previous evening. Rayburn was a master of fence, and he exhausted himself in the effort to steer clear of the subject; but his companion was not to be turned aside. At the end of his most brilliant digression, she asked, quite irrelevantly:

"Why did you leave us so abruptly last evening, Mr. Rayburn?"

Since the subject could be no longer avoided, he plunged into it frankly.

"I'm going to ask you to withdraw that question," he said.

"What for?"

"Because I can't tell you the truth, and I don't equivocate—with you."

She looked up archly.

"That is refreshing; well, I withdraw it, with the provision that I may be allowed to account for your disappearance in my own way."

"I accept the condition. You can't think worse of me than I deserve."

"Who can say what one deserves?" He smiled cynically.

"Everybody pretends to, and fitness doesn't seem to cut much of a figure. After all, though, I shouldn't rail; I have merited every ill thing that's ever been said of me."

An oppressive little silence followed this remark, and then Grace said, thoughtfully: "That is the same as saying that you have been very wicked, isn't it?"

"It's just that."

"Why have you been wicked?"

"There is no reasoning answer to that question, because there is no excuse for deliberate sin. Provocation there may be, but it's a fatal weakness to yield to it."

"Tell me about it."

"There isn't much to tell; it's just the old story of a man's treachery and a woman's perfidy. I was going to marry her, but my friend forestalled me, and then I went into moral bankruptcy." Grace did not reply, and Rayburn resumed: "That was the beginning; after a little, the man who plunges into dissipation resembles the Malay who has run amuck without getting himself killed in the process. Satiety brings regret, and there is no hope of going back to such blessed things as self-respect and honor and domesticity." His tone was an eloquent plea of contradiction, but it did not come.

Grace arose and went to the window, parting the curtains to look out into the night.

"I suppose you are right; and then there is the dreadful memory of the dead and dying by the wayside."

She spoke softly, and with averted face, meaning to say more, but her father and Edward came in, and there was no opportunity.

He had turned abruptly into the hallway of the building in which he roomed, and had almost fallen over the figure of a woman crouched upon the lowest step of the stairs. She made no reply to his apology, and by the uncertain light of the street lamp opposite, Rayburn could see that she was sobbing.

"What's the matter with you?" Can I help you?"

The woman looked up at the kindly tone, and Rayburn saw a child's face stamped with the senility of sin and disease. "I reckon nobody can help me—I'm turned out to die, that's all."

"Who turned you out?"

"Bill Cade. He ain't got no more use for me 'cause I'm sick an' played out, so he fired me."

The voice was dry and harsh, and there was fever in the dull eyes.

While Rayburn stood in a moment's perplexity, trying to determine what could be done, a shadow passed the street opening, and Rayburn felt rather than saw that it stopped and then went on. His indecision was brief. The woman was sick, and there was one place in Denver where such as she could have shelter and care. He took out his notebook, and hastily writing a few words on a leaf, tore it out and gave it to the woman.

"Just hang on to that—it'll get you in when you get there. Can you walk?"

The woman took the paper, and essayed to rise, fell back helplessly.

"Here, that won't do—let's try it again, and I'll help you;" he lifted her to her feet and steadied her. "Now if you can creep along for a block or two till we can find a hack, you'll be all right; the Sisters'll take care of you."

The sad little procession moved slowly up the street toward the Opera House, in front of which stood a line of carriages. Late passersby stared curiously at the spectacle of a well-dressed man who was evidently sober supporting a forlorn looking woman who was quite as evidently intoxicated; but Rayburn was too full of pity and indignation to care for appearances. When they were nearly up to the first of the carriages, he saw a man and a woman approaching from the opposite direction. He did not look up until they were passing and then he almost dropped his helpless burden when he saw that it was Edward Burney and his sister. There was no sign of recognition on either side, but the indignation in Edward's glance and the sorrowful pity in the eyes of the young girl were not to be misunderstood.

Rayburn put his charge into the carriage and gave the driver a double fee.

"Take her to the Sisters' Hospital," he said, "and be quick about it; there's no time to lose."

The man whipped up his horses, and left Rayburn standing on the curbstone. His first impulse was to follow Burney and Grace with the intention of explaining, but the second thought magnified the hopelessness of putting his simple statement against the evidence of appearances, and he decided to wait until he could appeal first to the brother.

Reaching this conclusion, he went slowly back toward his room. He was sad and preoccupied, and so did not notice that a shadow kept pace with his own to the entrance of the hallway. He turned sharply on the step at the sound of an ominous click behind him, realized for an instant that the air was full of flame and noise, and then fell stumbling at the foot of the stairs.

Unconsciousness came to relieve the keen torture of the first few moments. When it passed, the anguish of the thought that he should die unassoiled by the woman he loved kept it from returning. Nerved by a grim determination, he dragged himself on hands and knees up the stairs and across the upper hall to his room. There was a messenger call at the head of the bed, and he rang it twice before essaying to light the gas. The effort of reaching the high burner over the table sent the room whirling in dizzy circles around him, and a misty blur obscured his sight as he sank into a chair and grasped a pen. The note was brief, and it ended abruptly because of the failing light.

Dear Burney:—Cade dropped me at the foot of the stairs just now, and I think I'm done for. It was on account of the woman he had driven into the streets to die. I was sending her to the Sisters when you met me. For God's sake make Grace understand this. Rayburn.

Five minutes later, a messenger boy entered the open door and started back in affright at what appeared to be a corpse sitting at the table with a note in its extended hand. The lad snatched the message and fled without looking behind him. With the echo of his footsteps in the empty corridor, Rayburn's stubborn resolution snapped like an overstrained bow and he fell forward upon the table.

It is not wholly pleasurable to come back to life after a sojourn in the debatable land that lies between consciousness and death. Rayburn's first emotion upon opening his eyes in the semi-darkness of a strange apartment was a feeling of regret at finding himself still on the hither side of the line which separates conscious suffering from whatever lies beyond it. The position of the bed did not admit a full view of the room, but the murmur of voices came to him from the invisible side, like the fanciful speech of a dream. There were two of them, and the softer was urgent and pleading.

"Why don't you tell me?—anything is better than suspense."

"I have told you, Grace; you know doctors never talk much about a critical case."

"But I want to know his very words."

There was a pause, and then again the voice of the man:

"He said there was little hope—that unless he becomes conscious within the next twelve hours, his wonderful vitality would lose the fight."

"Oh, Edward!"

The man's tone was grave and comforting: "Poor little sister; I didn't know it meant so much to you."

"Nobody knew—and now he'll die without knowing."

Rayburn's lipe framed an inarticulate thanksgiving that this was one of the blessings not to be withheld. While his eyes were closed he heard a door shut softly, and the rustle of a woman's garments came across the room and stopped at his bedside. When he ventured to look again, he saw that she was kneeling with her face hidden in the bed clothes. The sight was healing, and there was a trace of the old light heartedness in his voice as he said feebly.

"No, he won't die without knowing it—he won't die at all if he can help it; there's too much to live for."

The girl did not raise her head, but her hand sought and found his on the coverlet. Then she asked shyly:

"Is there any room in your heart for me, Harry?"

"It's swept and garnished, dear; and any way, I think the other occupant was only wounded vanity."

A HERO—AN INVOLUNTARY TRIP INTO A FEVER-STRICKEN COUNTRY

By A. S. DUANE.

IT is said that every man has a blind spot in his eye. Sometimes I think that I must have a blind spot in my brain, and that the disasters and the sufferings of humanity get before it. Floods and earthquakes and epidemics devastate the earth, but they make little impression upon me. I read the headlines in the newspapers, and when a man asks me for a dollar for a "sufferer" he generally gets it; but I lose no rest worrying over his sorrows.

It may have been an unconscious seeking after an antidote for my entirely practical nature that attracted me toward Julia Maitland. Julia was beautiful, young and romantic, and did not seem to desire any corrective for her disposition in the way of an alliance with me. I asked her to marry me once, and when she declined I continued to visit at her home, with the full approval of her father and with the full intention of asking her again.

She told me when I did so that she respected me and liked me, but that she could never, under any circumstances, be happy with a man who could appreciate nothing but the sordid side of life. She said she had noticed that when I looked at a painting I always valued it, took into consideration the reputation of the artist, and then gave my opinion upon it.

It was just 10 o'clock when I left her house. I had time to go down to the office and finish up some correspondence, which the thought of a few hours with her had made to seem of the most trivial importance earlier in the evening.

We kept a light in the office all night. It looked a trifle brighter than usual as it came peering over the transom, but I had a genuine start or surprise as I opened the door with my key, and found Ransom, my bookkeeper, still busy. He looked up as though he had been expecting me.

"Mr. Duane," he said, "here are some letters that I think ought to be attended to at once."

I sat down and looked the letters over. The matter was much more serious than I had imagined it could be. After talking and writing, and talking again for an hour, we arrived at the conclusion that the only possible way to save the two or three thousand dollars involved was for me to make a trip to a city in the northern part of the State.

"There is a train at midnight—or—half-past. Why don't you take that?" Ransom suggested.

It seemed the best possible thing to do. I walked over to the hotel where I lived, packed my satchel, and in another half hour was waiting in the station for my train. I took out some papers I had brought along with me, and went over them while I waited.

It was 10 o'clock when I finally arose and dressed myself. I didn't think to look out of the window until my toilet was completed. I knew about where we would be at that hour. Already the lake breeze ought to be rushing through the car, and yet it seemed sultry.

I walked out in search of somebody official and met the conductor.

"What train is this?" I asked him, rather excitedly.

He looked at me in bewilderment.

"Ain't you one of 'em?"

"One of wha ? Isn't this the train to Clinton? Where are we, anyway?"

The conductor looked at me stupidly.

"You didn't offer no ticket," he said finally.

"No, I didn't. I showed the porter my pass—here it is—and told him to tell you about it, or to take it and show it to you, and let me go to bed."

"Oh, him!" the conductor said, plucking at his beard. "He can't read. He supposed it was like all the rest—they've all got 'em."

"All got what?" I fairly shouted at him. "What are you talking about?"

"Young man," said the slow fellow, solemnly—I found out afterward that he had been chosen for this mission on account of his calm nature—"you are on a special train, carrying nurses and doctors to the fever towns. You are in quarantined country now, and how you are going to get back, I don't know."

"Oh, I'll get back," I said, cheerfully. "Just let me off at the next town, and I'll find my way back."

"I wouldn't do anything rash if I were you," he said.

It was a very still little town where I stopped. There was only one other passenger for that place—a slender girl, with a clever face that looked too young for a nurse's. I walked briskly down the empty platform, hot with sunshine, and exuding a strong smell of rosin from the new pine boards. There was a black sign over one of the closed doors with "Telegraph Office" in white letters. Inside there was a "click, click" of instruments, but the door was locked. A negro lad came lounging around the corner.

"You needn't try to get in thah," he said, importantly. "The operatah he's daid. Th' fevah's got him."

"Isn't there anybody in this town who can send a message?" I inquired.

There was a touch on my arm. I turned, to see the girl. "I can," she said. "I am the volunteer operator who has come to take charge of this office and send dispatches about the state of things here."

"Weren't you afraid?" I asked her. She looked so young.

"No," she said. "I have had the fever. New Orleans is my native city, and I had it there years ago. I couldn't take this sort they have, so far north." And then, turning to the boy, she asked for the key.

Ten minutes later he had returned from the house where the last operator lay dead, with the big door key, and we were let into the sweltering, dusty little box of a room, which seemed to me as if it still held traces of the disease. I opened the windows to make the girl comfortable, and sent the boy out after some ice water and some lemons. Then I remembered something.

"Say," I called to him, and I went outside and asked him where I could find the nearest bar.

"Ovah thah in th' tavehn," pointing to a long, low, unpainted house.

I ran across the street, followed leisurely by the boy, and found my way into a bare room with a shelf across it, and perhaps a dozen bottles. A portly man, in soiled yellow linen, was dozing in a chair. I awakened him.

"Have you any champagne?" I said.

"Who's got it now?" he asked, with a start.

"Got what?"

"The fevah. Yes, sah, I've got plenty, sah;" and he went into another room, and brought out two greenish bottles of American champagne.

"It's the best medicine thah is fur it. Who's got it? The nusses bring down champagne, but it's no sich brand as this!"

"No, I suppose not," I said; and then I asked after ice, but I found that beyond the supply held by the "nusses," there wasn't any in the town.

I took the bottles and went back across the street, followed presently by the boy with the water.

"I can cool it," the girl said, and she sent the boy back after an earthen jar of water. She wrapped it in wet cloths, put the bottles in it, and set the whole in the window.

"What's that message of your's?" she asked. I found she had already introduced herself to the other offices along the line. I sent a telegram to Ransom, telling him in the office cipher of my plight and instructing him to make some arrangements about getting me out of the fix I was in, without saying anything about it. I wanted to sneak back without being quarantined.

"What is your name?" I asked the girl.

"Fanny Martin," she said.

"Well, I am going to have the answer to my message sent to you. I am not anxious to have people talking about my being down here."

"Don't want your right hand to know, eh?"

But I made no explanations.

"Well, no; I hadn't thought of it."

Suddenly Miss Martin came running down the path.

"Come in here, quick" she said, and went back ahead of me. I followed her into an old-fashioned square house, with a wide oilclothed hall, and thin balustraded stairs, which she lightly mounted. In a room was an old man who had fallen back on his pillow, dead, his face drawn and yellow with the scourge. Standing by his side was a tall, sallow woman, who—I am ashamed to confess—even in that moment presented herself as a familiar figure. I had seen her counterpart on the stage hundreds of times as the typical spinster. There were even the glasses and the keys, and the bunches of skimpy curls behind the ears. She was looking down at her father in a hard sort of dumbness.

"The servants have gone," Miss Martin said. "There is nobody to do anything. It is lucky you are here."

I did not stop to contradict her, but set to work for humanity sake to do what I could.

One of the sorrows of those times was that the dead must be buried so quickly. I took a lantern, went out to the burying ground, and hunted up the family lot. With the assistance of a negro man, whom Miss Martin discovered, I dug a grave. We went back to the town and found a coffin, and in the early Summer morning we buried the dead man.

As we came out of the graveyard I stopped Fanny Martin.

"Have you been to the office?" I asked.

"Yes, indeed."

"Well, where is my message?"

"There wasn't any."

"The deuce!" I said, and walked on back with her. The spinster lady lingered by her father's grave. Miss Martin seemed inclined to stay, but I knew she could do no good there. I took her by the arm and led her back to the telegraph office, and dictated some messages that would bring answers.

I left her clicking off a long message to somebody.

It was almost dark when a knock came on my door, and the grayish negro boy put his head in and followed it by the rest of his body, carrying a yellow envelope. It was from the superintendent, telling me that he would do what he could for me, but he feared I should be stopped, as quarantine was very strict.

"If I don't get out, any way you will get your champagne," I said to Fanny Martin. We had grown to be famous friends. She was a smart, clever little thing, with a shrewd way of looking at life, and a keen sense of humor. She had made excursions round about during the day, riding on horseback. There were very few cases left, and they were going to move on to the next town.

"The reports are exaggerated," she said; "but then that's what sells the papers. It's all in the day's work. Now, suppose you tell me what brought you down here?"

"The nurses' train."

"Yes, but before that. Had you a secret sorrow? Had your wife died, or your sweetheart jilted you, that you valued life so lightly?"

"My sweetheart had jilted me, or refused to marry me, the night I started, but I can hardly say that I valued life much the less. I am going back to try it over again."

"What is the matter with you?" Fanny Martin asked. "You seem like a very respectable person. The president of the C. A. & S. seemed to think you were a reliable man."

"I am. I am too respectable. She says I am 'practical.' For example, she says that all I see in a yellow fever epidemic is its effect on trade."

"And you came down here to nurse, and show her better?"

"Not by a great deal!" said I emphatically. And then I told her exactly how it all happened.

"And she wants a romantic lover?"

"I suppose so."

"Ah!" said Fanny Martin.

It seemed to me that men looked at me oddly, and shook hands with me more heartily than usual. My friends are serious, hard headed fellows, a good deal like myself, not much given to effusive expression; but one of them actually called me a hero.

It is very seldom that ladies visit my office, but as I went in I saw a gleam of summery apparel. A moment later there was a rush and a sob, and Julia, actually Julia, was in my arms.

"My darling girl!" I said. "What is the matter? Is your father ill? Is anything wrong?"

"No! No! Oh, suppose you had died! And it was all my fault—I should have driven you to that dreadful death! Oh, I know you saved hundreds of lives, but what would that have mattered to me!"

"Julia, my child," I said, "will you tell me what is the matter?"

"I know you didn't want anybody to know it, and I am rightly punished for having driven you to it, by all this publicity. I am so proud of you!" And Julia, Julia who had scorned me, actually put her tear stained cheek against my own, and then kissed me.

"Now tell me," said I, "what all this is about."

He put his pen between his teeth, and took down a copy of a New York paper of the Sunday before—which had just reached our town. He turned to a head lined page, pointed out an article, and went back to work, I sat down and read it.

It narrated the experiences of one of the paper's young women correspondents, who had volunteered to go as telegraph operator to the yellow fever infected district. Half the letter was taken up with the noble self sacrifice of the young millionaire business man from Ohio, Alfred Duane, who had brought not only his personal services and sympathy, but his wealth and influence to aid the sufferers. He had buried the dead with his own hands, and that spinster became at the touch of this pen a beautiful girl, supported in her grief by Alfred Duane! Special trains had brought baskets of costly champagne to the sufferers, all at the instance of Duane! And then of a strong man with a broken heart, hiding his own wounds by ministering to others, risking the life he no longer valued because the woman he loved had denied him his heart's desire! The letter was signed "Fanny Martin."